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THE BETTER WAY

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EDITORIAL.

That mythical "Satan" of the Book and the Church, the ubiquitous traveller who "goeth to and fro in the earth and walketh up and down upon it." If his profession and occupation will permit him to laugh, must sometimes become hilarious over the severe cases of modern Church discord.

THE planet Mars will play a conspicuous part in astronomical circles this summer. It reaches perihelion August 14th and will be in opposition August 26th. This will offer the most favorable opportunity to observe the fiery planet since 1877. It may now be seen in the south-eastern sky about 9 p. m.

ALTHOUGH the American flag, while being displayed by private citizens, has been twice torn down in Canada, during the current year, once by the militia and once by the town constable, it has not sufficiently disturbed our people to reciprocate. Americans, whether in private or public life, do not stoop to small things or display a taste in affairs that can only reflect discredit on their country.

TO DEPICT all the suffering of humanity, as the daily papers record it, would break the heart of any sympathetic writer. Selfishness, selfishness, selfishness, wherever this suffering may be traced to its cause, and no redress for the victim except to await the justice that nature accords to all in the process of time. "Vengeance is mine," is not a mere outburst of righteous indignation, but a truth sensed as law's compensations in connection with the selfish of earth. For these we have pity; censure would but add to their suffering and ours.

IF THERE is to be a literal resurrection of the material body, then when that mythical trumpet sounds the liveliest places on earth will be its great battlefields. No picket guard will prevent a private from securing his missing limb, though he traces it through the grass which grew in the sod, the cattle which ate the grass, another fellow who ate the beef, and so on ad infinitum. A search-warrant, fortified with omnipresence, would be required to reconstruct the soldier who was blown into fragments by a cannon-ball or bomb. Even the clergymen are giving up that old "pint of faith and doctrine," and accepting the resurrection of the spiritual body as the true and harmonious teaching. The teachings of Spiritualism are enlightening even the credal world.

TO AN intelligent Spiritualist and one who lives daily within the orbit of sweet, helpful, and comforting spiritual influences; who receives great influxes, like baptisms, of courage both to do and to endure; to whom the music of life is like the song of the birds, and its fragrance like the perfume of the sweetest flowers; to whom also the nights of trouble, perplexity, doubt, and darkness are always studded with stars and made to glow with a spiritual *aurora borealis*; who sees "the Gate Beautiful," at the end of his earth pilgrimage, rather than repulsive death—to such it seems so strange that anyone possessing or professing the Christ spirit, should call such a life experience "the work of the devil!" Is it then impossible for one with a credal budge upon his soul vision, to discriminate between good and evil? It would seem so.

But true Spiritualism not only inculcates charity, but makes it a natural guest of the soul. Give it welcome, friends! A judgment founded and uttered in ignorance carries with it neither weight nor influence.

THE New York *World* scores Congress for dealing with the question of closing the World's Fair on Sunday in a spirit of the most arrant hypocrisy. It says there are men in Congress who believe it would be wrong to open the

Fair on Sunday, but the great majority have no such scruples. They do not themselves observe Sunday as a Sabbath and do as they please on that day, but think that a profession of Sabbatarian views will commend them to their constituents. On this pretense they are willing to embarrass the Fair, and work mischief. The *World's* view of Congress in this matter may be applied to office holders at large. A large majority are not Sabbatarians, but fear to oppose legislation, favoring Puritanism because their vote will be recorded publicly. It is certainly more honorable to suffer criticism for telling the truth than a lie; for hypocrisy in such matters is but the "devil" recording himself as an angel, and everybody knows it.

THE daily papers have kept their readers advised of the sad scenes which have transpired at the village of Homestead, near Pittsburg, Pa. It is a sickening recital. Injustice, selfishness, hot blood, and the enthronement of passion over reason, are responsible for murder and sickening scenes of brutality. Ostensibly it was a question between plethoric capital, inflated by its success, and the human machine which created that capital, but really it originated in the spirit of selfishness, which determined to increase the stores of capital more rapidly, and the counter-determination of labor not to sell its muscle and experience at a lower price and thus aid organized capital in its designs.

The state troops are now holding the situation and preserving the public peace, while Congress by a committee is exhaustively probing the difficulty. The general public condemn in no gentle terms the employment of irresponsible Pinkertons by the capitalists. Pennsylvania owes it to her dignity to prevent by law another such Hessian sub-military attack upon her laboring classes.

CHOSEN MEDIUMS.

Mediumship needs no encouragement by mortal praise; for such can but awaken a worldly ambition which is detrimental to its development. Spirits do not desire our aid in this respect. The best mediums are those who have been developed by the spirit world according to principles which we can not understand. Modesty is the most favorable condition we can offer to bring ourselves into harmony with the higher influences of the beyond; for modesty is the intuitive struggle of the soul to overcome human pride and subordinate the animal will to that of the spiritual. No talent or gift is more easily perverted than mediumship, and a desire for worldly fame debases it to a human standard of judgment, attracting vain-glorious spirits with necessary like results. Let the spirits do their own work, and let not mortal suggestion spoil a good medium because the world is slow in acknowledging the gift or its effects. Genius can not be crushed out, and whom the spirit world chooses as its workers, can not be debarred from taking their allotted places among the people of earth, while they honestly voice the wishes of those exanimate intelligences.

EDEN AN ALLEGORY.

The Rev. Joseph S. David in the July number of the *Arena*, discusses the myth of Eden, and gives it clothing as an allegory.

1. The term "garden" means the mind.
2. The tree of which man was forbidden to eat was the "tree of the knowledge of good and evil."
3. The situation of the "garden" was "eastward in Eden." The east is the place of sun-rising and origin of light.
4. The term Adam means mankind and not an individual.
5. The woman was the feminine element, the tempted through desire.
6. The "tree of life" in the midst of the "garden," is the Lord, who dwells in the midst of every creature and all creation.
7. The animal nature in the race is the serpent.
8. "In eating of the tree of knowledge man turned away from the tree of life—divine love and wisdom—to seek knowledge through the animal senses; and what he sought,—he found."
9. Becoming conscious of evil, and contrasting evil with the good constituted his "fall," his descent to the materialistic plane of thought and affection, and his awakening to the consciousness of evil and misery."

10. Eve, in addressing the serpent, placed the tree of knowledge in the midst of the garden, thus supplanting the Lord, or good—the spiritual—by the sensual.

Thus man descended to the materialistic plane of thought and awakened to the consciousness of evil and misery.

His descent was necessary for his highest development in the far-distant future. The infantile state can never be permanent.

Before the fall, man had no consciousness of good or evil. He could not have had a conscience.

Thus, in brief, the Rev. Mr. David interprets what he calls the allegory upon which the whole Christian theology is based. Is it a "thus saith the Lord" in allegory, or in plain statement of fact as theologians affirm? If the former, then why not let Dr. Briggs and like learned Biblical critics alone in their attempt to make the allegory consistent with itself? If the latter, the knowledge of this age is sifting and dissipating the falsity and crudity of statements and theories, which are being repudiated by scholars and thinkers both within and without the Church.

But why linger by the Dead Sea of superstitious reverence for this old, unnatural and ill-adjusted myth or allegory, when living facts are proclaiming living truths? The living waters of Truth are with us, sweet, refreshing, invigorating! The exanimate hold the cup to the lips of mortals and bid them drink. We repeat the words alleged to have been spoken by the medium of Nazareth: "Whosoever shall drink of this water shall never thirst, but it shall be in him, a well of water springing up into everlasting life."

THE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR CONVENTION.

The secular and religious papers have chronicled the proceedings of the convention of the "Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor," held in New York City from the seventh to the tenth of the current month. The *New York Times*, in an extra, published a complete report of the daily proceedings with the full text of the report of its general secretary, John W. Baer. We are indebted to some friend for a special copy of the same.

This society has a membership of over one million, and it is estimated that over 30,000 were in attendance, at different sessions or meetings held by the convention, coming from all parts of the country and from Canada, with representatives from Nova Scotia, England, Scotland, Spain, Australia, Ceylon, India, Syria, Africa, China, Japan, and the Sandwich Islands.

It was an earnest, enthusiastic, *do-something* body of men and women, and not an agglomeration of chanters to the glory of faith, or the supremacy of credal philosophy. Those who do not see in the decadence of theology and theological conventions of the faithful, and the rapid rising of the practical and its capture of the popular heart, a most pregnant sign of the times, and a prophecy of the immediate future, are certainly blind.

The practical side of great questions affecting humanity; the falling into line with natural laws; the practical application of the great brotherhood laws, relationships, and resultant duties; the use of the enlarged reasoning powers of the world and their place in making the religion of humanity practical and not merely credal, dogmatic, and theological; these are fast coming to the front, and faith-dogmas are passing to the rear. It is the fulfillment of the prophecies of our spirit friends, and will be welcomed by all intelligent humanitarians, Spiritualists included.

It does not trouble us that it still retains an old overcoat or shroud which the fathers wore, and because they wore it. There is a live, practical, earnest worker for humanity under the covering, and when it gets warmed to its work in continuing to do something for others instead of believing in something for itself, the old covering will be shed in a natural way.

We stretch our hand across the great gulf of faith and creed, and grasp the hands that are blessing humanity by

their deeds. We can not accept their theories, they may not accept ours, but we can both unite to bless, comfort, and uplift those less fortunate of the brotherhood race, and thus both disclose the real divinity within us. This also is the great ministry of the angel world, whose presence and blessing, we trust, will soon be consciously known to all of these young people who have adopted as their motto the word "Endeavor." The adjective which qualifies it does not trouble us. We only wish that all may have the real, practical spirituality of the Master whom they profess to serve.

NOAH'S ARK FOUND.

We congratulate our credal friends in this country upon the presence of an illustrious stranger among us. We have just received and dismissed to Canada a high religious representative of the supreme pontiff of the world who continues to make his moans over his exile in Italy, heard the world over, and he bore with him no less a wonder than a piece of the bone of the arm of the grandmother of him whom the Church worships as one of the three persons of the infinite first, or primal cause of all things existent and non-existent. We dismissed the travelling agent of the supreme pontiff to Canada without regret, and without tears surrendered to our Canadian brethren the relic provided for them by the surgeon's saw and the relic-trafficking pontiff. We think our superstitious Canadian brethren need both the relic and the commercial traveller to quicken their reverence and unloose their purse-strings more than do we.

The name and full titles of our illustrious visitor are, "John Joseph Nouri, D.D., L.L.D., Archdeacon of Babylon and Jerusalem, Pontifical Delegate-General of Malabar, and Ex-Grand Secretary of the Metropolitan Arch-diocese of Persia and India." He comes to this country to bear testimony to the truth of a certain biblical narrative and statement, now under the search-light of Dr. Briggs and his learned colleagues as to its errancy, and—to write a book. The first object is certainly new and novel; the last an antiquated "chestnut," in whose property many of our trans-Atlantic visitors of the last half century have had an equal interest.

According to his statements he began his journey at Babylon or Jerusalem. Which of the two has the honor of holding the dust cast from his sandals and receiving his farewell blessing, is in doubt. In descriptive powers he rivals Jules Verne or Rider Haggard, and is no insignificant pupil of Haroun al Raschid, the great story-teller of Persia, Arabia and the dominion of the Prophet of Islam,—"upon whom be peace!" He has travelled 250,000 miles, on foot, having worn the same identical foot-wear unchanged; has been seven years doing it, and if the foot-wear holds out, he expects to travel 150,000 miles more before he returns to his starting point,—making 400,000 miles in all.

Incident to his chief object in visiting us, he relates that while in the mountains of the Moon in Africa, he discovered virgin gold in such great profusion that it does not require mining but lies around loose "in solid lumps ranging in size from a robin's egg to a beer keg." The figure is chaste and elegant, besides having the merit of the jingle of poetry. He recommends the churches to send several ships, with picked religious officers and crews, loaded with Bibles, hymnals and the Confession of Faith,—he prefers the old Calvinistic, iron-sided, Hopkinsonian kind,—for exchange for this gold, which would recoup the depleted coffers of the sanctuaries.

But to his special mission! There is a narrative in the old Book,—whose errancy or inerrancy is now under hot and bitter discussion by the learned among crededists,—which captivated our interest and excited our wonder when a lad. It is the story of the Noachian deluge. That "ark of gopher-wood," which Noah builded and described with such minuteness, was "pitched without and within with pitch"; was three stories in height; had a single window and door; held a pair of each living species upon the earth; rode the waste of the deluge of waters for one hundred and fifty days, and then grounded upon the mountain of Ararat with all its live stock safe.

Later criticism has taken the weird

charm of the story away from us, because the superstitious reverence for the Book, and the credulity in us which gave such narratives pliancy have been severely shaken by the cold logic of facts. Like multitudes of others we have asked for a corroboration of such strange tales, especially as they are founded upon that other more fundamental hypothesis and assertion, that God wreaked vengeance upon his own work, and upon his own children by drowning them *en masse*, save the family of Noah.

We have the corroborating witness at last! It is our distinguished travelling visitor. He has been upon the Ararat mountain peak, amid its eternal snows. He wore the same shoes. He had his retainers and companions.

In travelling through the deep snow of the summit of Ararat, a hollow sound, as of a wooden chamber greeted his ears and nerves of sensation. He paused; ordered the snow cleared; and there, on the very spot where it rested on the subsidence of the great waters, lay the three story Ark in a grand state of preservation! They went on a tour of inspection through the gopher-wood ship. It had "a mizzen-mast," and consequently must have had a fore and main mast and been full-rigged! Which of Noah's sons navigated it? That puzzles us a little. The Book gives no such statement, and our distinguished visitor is "inerrant" or the Book is.

However, very near the "mizzen mast" they found "a golden cherubim," which the visitor says was used at the altar in the Ark, but the Book says nothing about altar or golden cherubim being among the Ark's freight, and one or the other is inerrant again. The witness affirms that his statement is true because he says that the cherubim was too heavy for him to carry, he clipped off one of the wings, and brought it away with him. As those golden cherubims used in earlier periods were of nearly half human stature, the size and weight of a wing must have been a tax upon the muscles of the illustrious witness,—but he fortified his testimony by coolly exhuming a little gold wing from his pocket, and silenced unbelief.

Noah's Ark is found! So is a travelling crank, with a long tongue and a vivid imagination! So will be a small army of credulous fools who will want to touch the golden wing of the cherubim to be cured of "King's Evil," and other ailments. Great is humbuggery, and our illustrious visitor is a Saul among its prophets!

THE BLIND LOVING BLINDNESS.

A public discussion, of little importance but of considerable local influence, took place recently in Portland, Maine, between the Rev. E. P. Woodward, pastor of the Second Advent Church of that city, and Mr. Andrew Cross, one of the leading, intelligent Spiritualists of Maine. A full report of the discussion appeared in the columns of the *Boston Globe* of the 18th ult.

The occasion of the discussion was an attack upon Spiritualism by Mr. Woodward in his pulpit, and a review of his position and statements by Mr. Cross. The public discussion, upon the part of Mr. Cross, was limited to the biblical proof that spirits exanimate do return to this earth and intelligently communicate to mortals, waiving the more general and scientific features of Spiritualism. That we may do no injustice in the minds of our readers to the reverend gentleman, we state his positions fairly.

The fundamental position of the Rev. Mr. Woodward, and the religious sect which he represents, is that there is no such thing as an immortal spirit; nor such a being or thing as an immortal personality; that only through a personal belief in Christ is immortality secured to the person, while to all others, Jews, Mahomedans, Buddhists, Brahmins, Heathens, Agnostics, Deists, Doubters, Spiritualists, Materialists, and all non-believers and non-receivers of the Christ of Galilee, there is no hope, no future, no life, simply and only an eternity of death or non-existence. According to the reverend polemic, conscious existence of the spirit of man is not based upon his origin, upon the mysterious life-principle within him, upon law or spirit force, upon intelligence, in a word, upon anything save the credence of the heart of the few fortunate ones among the my-

rinds of the human family whose birth and surroundings were favorable to their hearing of and believing in the Christ of Judea, who made his appearance in earth, according to credal chronology, some 3,000 years after the race commenced its existence.

This being his position, he is forced to the logical correlative that there are no spirits of the dead, and can not be until a literal resurrection of the human body takes place in that far-off day which crededists believe and teach. If the dead are all-over dead, body and spirit, until that resurrection day, then there can be no communication between the living and the dead until that event takes place. None will hear that bugle-horn of Gabriel save those who in earth believed in Christ; all the others will remain in the long unconscious sleep of eternal annihilation.

The argument of Mr. Woodward—if argument it can be called—in support of such a singular, unreasonable, and unphilosophical hypothesis was based entirely upon the literal rendering and application of certain statements found in the Bible. He did not seek to prove the authenticity or authority of the Book or its teachings, but simply assumed their correctness and their supreme authority. He used the Bible narratives to prove their own correctness and reliability. He claimed the literal resurrection into physical life of the human body of Jesus whom he denominates the Christ of the human faith necessary to individual man. And he says—and in that we are forced to agree with him—"that if the Bible does not teach the bodily resurrection of Christ (Jesus), it teaches nothing."

Yes, but is the teaching wise and true in the light of this age? The same Book teaches that the world was created in six solar days, and makes one of the days count before the creator had placed the sun in position and set the planets, the earth included, spinning around it. It teaches that the sun stood still in the heavens, so that the marks on the dial went back twenty-four degrees at the command of a man who hadn't time to kill as many of his fellow men as the murder in his heart required in order to be appeased.—Well, it teaches a great many things which the enlightened intelligences of this age can not receive without falsifying their own natures, and committing perjury by confessing belief.

The belief in the resurrection narrative, as defined by Mr. Woodward, is as unnatural, unphilosophical, and unreasonable as the belief in a virgin giving birth to a son, without a parent, and continuing her virginity. The whole strange story, requiring the full credence of an intelligent mind and heart to secure for that mind and heart an immortal existence and without which credence it must be blotted out of existence forever, is of a piece. There is a better, clearer, more natural, and spiritual exposition of biblical teachings in harmony with modern science and philosophy, but crededists and dogmatists of the Woodward school are not yet sufficiently emancipated from their superstitious reverence for the old to accept it. There are truths in the Bible because they find corroboration in history, but they are not truths simply because the Book says they are.

Mr. Cross confused his reply to simply taking the Bible narratives, just as they appear, and forcing Mr. Woodward to face and acknowledge them. Any intelligent Spiritualist knows that Mr. Cross had an easy time in placing his reverend brother *hors de combat*. As the recitation of the visits of celestials was continued from the angel visitations to Abraham and Lot, down through the ages to Mount Tabor and its immortal seance, and further to the release of Peter from his prison by an angel hand and force, and showing that like events were duplicated and hundred-folded to-day, the good Advent brother, with all his nature poisoned by superstition, could only reply that "evil spirits" did the work, and that "Spiritualism is of the devil."

He must then believe in the immortality of the devil as a spirit; that he can communicate with and act devilishly in earth, while the good, the loving, the pure, with souls filled with a true humanitarianism, are forbidden to combat this old prince of evil spirits upon the plane of his battles and victories, to-wit, the earth.

The victory of Brother Cross was an easy one as judged by the intelligent who listened.

THE BETTER WAY.

As the needle turns to the pole, or as plants grow towards the light, so the weary feet of man have followed the banks of the great rivers, in all his struggles, toils, and history. By the ever-flowing streams he has lived his brief day, felt the sting of pain, thrill of pleasure, the cold touch of death, and then gone home to the secret of the universe. On the banks of the large rivers he has builded his cities and monuments, as the child sets up its toys to topple and fall by the touch of time. In his primitive age, some clung to the banks of the Nile, leaving behind them monuments of stone, so stupendous they yet remain, a wonder in our modern times.

The nomads of Israel no doubt felt a peculiar delight in wandering along the banks of the sluggish Jordan. But the Tigris and the Euphrates, the two largest rivers of Western Asia, and the district enclosed between them, furnished, in the olden time, one of the most remarkable centers of human activity. There successive kingdoms have arisen and fallen; their kings have climbed to thrones wet with blood, and then thrones and kings have gone into silence and forgetfulness. There great cities have been builded, and there they have also gone out in darkness and in night. On the banks of the Euphrates once stood the mighty city Babylon. It was the seat of empire—a proud queen looking in defiant pride afar over the plains of Shinar. Around its walls and towers the storms of battle had often beat and for many centuries its history had been one of alternate lights and shadows. About 600 B.C. Babylon was in her zenith. She had never before known such splendor, and never saw it again. Then one Nebuchadnezzar was king. He seems to have devoted all the energy of his reign to the improvement of the city. He walled the banks of the Euphrates, builded cathedrals, towers, canals, immense walls, and for his Median wife, hanging gardens, classed among the wonders of the world. He also among other conquests laid siege to Jerusalem and captured it. This was the second great humiliation of ancient Israel.

From the Israelites whom he had subjugated, he selected a few young men of the best blood and ordered them to Babylon that they might be taught in the learning of the Chaldeans. Among them was one Daniel, the hero of this article. The king ordered them to be fed from the same meat he ate, and that they should drink of the same wine.

This Daniel refused, as he was not only a remarkable medium, but also a vegetarian and practical prohibitionist. The king's efforts to educate Daniel were abortive. He possessed a mediumistic power which always, when properly used, brings a larger education than the schools can give. In addition to visions and trances, Daniel possessed the rare gift of interpretation of dreams.

Nebuchadnezzar with all his wealth and power was unhappy. He was troubled with strange dreams. It is not improbable that spirits took this means to reach him in the slumbers of the night. They have no more regard for the down and damask of a kingly couch, than for the hard cot and pillow of a peasant. Unfortunately when the king awoke the dreams were indistinct and this greatly troubled him. He called on his astrologers but they found no sign or planet in the horoscopes they cast, which could bring back again a half-remembered dream.

In his extremity he called in Daniel who, by his clairvoyant and mediumistic power, reproduced his dream and gave him the interpretation. (Daniel, 1st and 2nd Chap.) This was the beginning of Daniel's mediumistic career in Babylon, and we shall hear from him again later on.

Nature has decreed that no head shall long wear a kingly crown. The monarch and his humblest subject are alike born to die. Nebuchadnezzar with all his faults and his virtues, which, I am impressed, were far greater than the kings of his age, at last yields his crown to the universal conqueror of men and empires. His unworthy and profligate son succeeded him to the throne and after two years of weak and evil reign was murdered. The kingdom then passed to his brother-in-law and rapidly changed hands until the city of Babylon was left in charge of Belshazzar, an idle, dissolute grandson, while his father the king was probably a prisoner, or fighting the enemy in the field. Under profligate rule the empire began to show signs of decay. Moreover a storm cloud had already gathered over Babylon. The magnitude of which she did not dream. It was only waiting the opportune moment, when its giant thunder-bolts might rend the empire to its foundation. Behind this fearful cloud was hid the face of Cyrus the Persian waiting to leap like a tiger upon his prey and establish the Medo-Persian supremacy.

The spirit of Babylon's departed king saw all this and he watched with mournful interest the curtain so soon to fall over the empire. The medium Daniel had revealed it all to him long years before he left the mortal, in the interpretation of his dreams.

Belshazzar was too sensual and ignorant to feel the impress of disembodied beings. He ordered a great feast—a

caraval of sin and pleasure—and when the appointed night came, Babylon was lit with a splendor it had scarcely known before. The lights from its myriad lamps fell in shining spangles on the waters of the Euphrates—from the high towers they darted like winged messengers afar over the plains. The hundred gates of brass glistened in their glare while through the hanging gardens, already neglected, they shone out like gloomy specters calling up to the watching spirit of the departed king the love for which he builded them. In the palace hall, music broke forth in voluptuous appeal. The dying feet of the dancers trip like faeries through the frescoed hall. Now comes the sparkling wine and upon its foaming goblets the demons of lust chatter and smile. The feet of the dancers grow heavy, and the eyes of the young prince droop in sluggish delirium. He rallies, and orders from the treasure-house of the gods the sacred vessels his grandfather had brought from weeping Israel and kept with care. They fill them to the brim and again drink,—the night is drooping into the gray arms of the morning. Look! Look! Hundreds of bearded eyes turn to the walls of the palace. Well they might look! There is a materialized hand, writing on the wall! The music stops! The goblets drop! The prince and all the women tremble with fear. He recovers his senses enough to call for the astrologers, but no sign of the zodiac can explain such a phenomenon as this. Call in the queen-mother. She comes and looks with mingled pity and contempt at her dissolute son. He entreats her to aid him, to which the good woman replies: "Call in Daniel. He was the medium your grandfather consulted in times of trouble." The door opens and Daniel enters. He does not appear as in those early days when he first refused the king's meat and wine. His hair is bleaching for death's harvest, his Israelitish face is furrowed, and his shoulders droop. Daniel stands by Belshazzar and looks calmly at the wall and then at the trembling company. There was nothing about it to terrify. He had seen visions, interpreted dreams, talked with spirits, and they had long ago told him haughty Babylon must bite the dust. He reads with slow and measured word, "Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin Peres.—God hath numbered thy kingdom and finished it; Thou art weighed in the balances and art found wanting; Thy kingdom is divided and given to the Medes and Persians."

The medium dwells over the city but "Babylon has fallen." Her sun has set. The spirit of her noblest and wisest king has watched its fall and warned his unworthy posterity of their doom. But Daniel's prophecies are not all fulfilled. The Medo-Persian empire can not last. (What kingdom can last?) It, too, must go down and then the Macedonian plays its part in the bloody drama of history. Nor does Daniel stop here. In his spiritual illumination he sees in the dim distance, Rome enthroned on her seven hills, the mistress of a world. But Rome has also had her brief day and disappeared from the stage. His predictions have been in a general sense fulfilled. We can but place Daniel the Israelite among the psychics who all along the path of history have left traces of their mediumship and helped part the thin veil, which hides the spiritual from our view. In his spiritualistic experience we have another evidence the dead do not forget their country, empire, or nation. Disembodied patriots have a deep and abiding interest in their native land.

As Nebuchadnezzar loved the city he had adorned, and the empire he had guided, so our arisen patriots watch over the ship of State when rocked by storms and billows, and hold high above the foaming crest, beacon lights to guide it to a peaceful harbor.

IS IT "UNCONSCIOUS CEREBRATION?"

BY THE EDITOR.

The Rev. Dr. Witt C. Talmage, the Baptist clergyman who carouses in the Brooklyn Tabernacle, N. Y., and who sells his sermons stereotyped in column blocks for the weekly papers throughout the country, in his passion for sensation ignores consistency entirely.

Judged by his published utterances he "is everything by turns and nothing long." He is intensely credal; a Calvinist; a substitutionist; a worshipper of Spiritualism; a teacher of Spiritualistic doctrines and philosophy; a theological wriggling "Virginia fence"; a Dr. Jeckyl and Mr. Hyde; and a wholesale dealer in pulpit and platform pyrotechnics.

He has imitated his clerical, orthodox, brother, Rev. Joseph Cook, in confessing and denying, and teaching and abusing Spiritualism. In a recent memorial sermon delivered in his tabernacle, he suited his theme to preach unadulterated Spiritualism, and he did it. The editor of *Hall's Journal of Health* pronounces it, in headlines, "Spiritualism pure and simple," and adds, "Had this noted divine confessed to the light which comes with the gift of much-despised Spiritualism, he could not have done better." Read and see if he has not "confessed."

"I do not care which garland you put over the northern grave and which over the southern grave. Does any one say: 'What is the use? None of them will know it.' Your decoration days both sides Mason and Dixon's line are a great waste of flowers." Ah! I see you have carried too far my idea that praise for the living is better than praise for the departed. Who says that the dead do not know of the flowers? I think they do. The dead are not dead. The body sleeps, but the soul lives and is unimpaired. No two cities on earth are in such rapid and constant communication as earth and heaven, and the two great decoration days of north and south are better known in realms celestial than terrestrial. With what interest we visit the place of our birth and of our boyhood or girlhood days! And have the departed no interest in this world where they were born and reared, and where they suffered and triumphed? My Bible does not positively say so, nor does my catechism teach it, but my common-sense declares it. The departed do know, and the bannered processions that marched the earth yesterday to northern graves, and the bannered processions that marched a month ago to southern graves, were accompanied by two grander though invisible processions that walked the air, processions of the ascended, processions of the martyred, processions of the sainted; and they heard the anthems of the churches and the salvo of the batteries, and they stooped down to breathe the incense of the flowers. These august throngs gathered this morning in these pews and aisles and corridors and galleries are insignificant compared with the mightier throngs of heaven who mingle in this service which we render to God and our country while we twist the two garlands. Hail spirits multitudinous! Hail spirits blest! Hail martyred ones, come down from the king's palaces! How glad we are that you have come back again. Take this kiss of welcome and these garlands of remembrance, ye who languished in hospitals or went down under the thunders and lightnings of Fredericksburg and Cold Harbor and Murfreesboro and Corinth and Yorktown and above the clouds on Lookout Mountain.

THE STORY OF "OLD IRON-SIDES."

One of the five magnificent frigates built in 1798, during the war with France, namely, the Constitution, is still in existence and in good condition. Its timbers have been renewed at different times, and its equipment greatly modernized, but its outward appearance is almost the same as ever. When built it was considered one of the finest ships of the American navy; but it would offer but a slight resistance to the attacks of a powerful modern ironclad like the *Miantonomoh*. The Constitution originally carried forty-four guns. A particularly interesting history is connected with this ship. During the war with the Barbary powers, in 1803, she was Commodore Preble's flag-ship in the Mediterranean, and played a conspicuous part during the whole year. Lieutenant Wadsworth, who was blown up before Tripoli in the ill-fated *Intrepid*, was one of the officers of the Constitution. In the course of the war with England in 1812, the English papers laughed at the Constitution, and spoke of her as "a bundle of pine boards, sailing under a bit of striped bunting." But when, under Captain Hull, she captured the English frigate the *Guerriere*, a vessel of nearly equal force, the people who had before ridiculed her called her "one of the staunchest vessels afloat." A few months after this victory, the Constitution, then commanded by Captain Bainbridge, compelled one of the finest frigates in the British navy, the *Java*, to strike its colors.

One of the most famous of her exploits was during the same war, when she escaped from Broke's squadron, among which she had accidentally fallen. The sea was almost a dead calm, so Captain Hull had to resort to towing. All her boats were lowered, with long lines attached, and in addition Hull had ropes spliced together to make a line half a mile long, to which he had attached a kedge anchor. This was carried in a boat half a mile ahead and dropped, when the crew hauled the ship rapidly forward. The commodore of the English squadron soon adopted the same tactics, and if it had not been for a breeze springing up the Constitution would have been captured. In 1830, it was proposed by the navy department to take her to pieces, for she was said to be unseaworthy. But on account of her glorious achievements, people thought she should be preserved. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, then a young man of twenty-one, just graduated from Harvard university, wrote the famous patriotic poem, "Old Ironsides." This poem had such a powerful influence on the public mind that the vessel was saved, and, as I have already said, is still in existence, though nearly a hundred years old.—*Harper's Young People*.

The sorrowful chastenings of earth open the doors of the heavenly life to the soul-loving spiritual things.

Many who are accounted Spiritualists, fail to disclose any knowledge of the primary meaning of the term.

AFFIRMATIONS OF PHILOSOPHY

To the Editor of *The Better Way*. I fully realize that in general the only claim any one can have to space in your columns is that he has a truth to offer of a superior method of presenting the truth. But as long as men continue to teach fallacies, criticism must occasionally be in order. "Line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little, and there a little," seems to be the order of progress. I admire the spirit in which your correspondent, Mr. Bemis, writes—he is a student. May he be blessed with aspiration and industry, and he will certainly become wise. And may he cultivate a sensitiveness of soul, which will enable him to recognize truth, as I believe did, in the true prince—*by instinct*.

But in *THE BETTER WAY* of June 18th he is sometimes obscure and apparently illogical. He says: "All things, including the material, proceed from the interior realm of the spiritual." What does the expression "all things" include beside the material? How can an "eternal cause" antedate anything else that is eternal? He says: "All things are necessarily and eternally, because of one absolute and unconditioned cause." We know, and can know of nothing in the universe which is unconditioned. Everything of which we are cognizant has relation to something else. If the orthodox cosmogony were true, even God would not be unconditioned. The alleged fact of creation indicates a relation between God and all creatures, implying duties on either side.

Again, he says: "The spiritual and the material exist as cause and effect. They are not dual. They are one." That is like the Christians' arithmetic. Three times one are one! Again, "The material exist only by the fiat of an almighty power, without which it would disappear."

What could become of it? There is not a particle of evidence, objective or logical, of the existence of any such power in the universe. "All things" are not effects; they are causes of phenomena of motion.

Again, "Aside from chemical and cohesive affinity and gravitation matter is destitute of force, motion, or life." It is like saying that except in certain instances in which matter presents the phenomena of force, motion, or life, it is destitute of force, motion, or life.

But these objections, and many more that might be noticed, are trivial compared to the principal one, which is that Mr. Bemis' cosmogony logically leads to the blankest pessimism. If there be an almighty intelligent being who brought this world and its inhabitants into existence, that power is a malignant one.

The floods, the droughts, the tornadoes, and earthquakes, the extreme and rapid changes of temperature to which the surface of the earth is subject, render it unfit for the residence of man. And the atrociously predatory character of man unfits him to live in the presence of his fellows. This predatory habit is not confined to the uncivilized races by any means. Signs of it are plentiful among the so-called civilized nations. And as if the situation were not desperate enough, the Church comes forward with its cheerful doctrine of everlasting punishment for more than ninety-nine per cent. of the human family, and for the remaining one per cent. a heaven of eternal singing, hardly to be preferred to either this world or hades.

The bright contrast which a rational philosophy presents to these doctrines of despair, is cheering indeed. It teaches that man is a product of the earth—at first exceedingly imperfect, in fact a naked savage, ignorant of himself and the world. That he is slowly acquiring a knowledge of himself, and of his environment. That the present conditions of man and of the earth, bad as they may be, could not have been otherwise. That they have been evolved from worse ones. That this world is not a penal colony, or even a "state of probation," but a laboratory where human souls are evolved, and whence they are ushered into immortal life. It teaches that the universe has space to contain and resources to provide for all their needs and that eternity furnishes ample time for all to develop a perfected moral character. I will not take space to elaborate these ideas. Your intelligent readers will be able to perceive any truth there may be in them without a multiplicity of arguments.

H. H. HARRIS.

THE GUILLOTINE AND ITS INVENTOR.

One of the most widely disseminated of popular errors is that Dr. Guillotine invented the grim machine which still bears his name. The real inventor of this sinister contrivance was Dr. Louis a well-known medical man and permanent secretary of the Parisian School of Medicine, or *Academie de Medicine*.

Dr. Guillotine, who died in 1814, energetically but vainly protested against the use of his name in connection with this disagreeable subject—an evidence, if one were wanted, of the great difficulty there is of correcting a popular error. Needless to say that the legend that Dr. Guillotine was among the victims of his friend's ingenious and merciful instrument of destruction is wholly apocryphal. He died at a good old age, and in his bed, surrounded by his children who, however, obtained permission to change their name.—*London Saturday Review*.

THE INFLUENCE OF WEATHER ON MIND.

That some animals and plants are able to foretell rain by their sensations is undoubtedly the fact. The sundew is well known to close itself before a shower, and sheep are observed to get under shelter before rain. The electric eel becomes more excited in thundery weather; this remark applies to most fish, carp especially have been observed to throw themselves out of the water and become stranded during the storm. Obviously if animals know by their sensations when wet weather is approaching it may be of use to them in keeping their fur dry, and plants by closing their petals can thus protect some delicate part of their structure from damage. To man as a cave-dweller, or during the long ages of primitive agriculture, the fact of being able to forecast rain by any mental sensations might have been of considerable use. But to civilized man dwelling in houses and prepared for rain when he goes out, this use of them must for long have ceased, and if now felt they are probably not connected with the cause producing them. But this view of its possible usefulness in past times does not explain its causation. Atmosphere with its continual variations would be present before any life on this planet, and if it exerted this influence on living beings as above suggested, the question as to whether they turned it to a useful purpose or not would be of secondary consideration. To look briefly at the phenomena which take place when rain clouds are forming. The following seems roughly to be an outline of what is known. When condensation of vapor takes place aloft the tension on the outside of the cloud is greater than in the interior, and on its under surface opposite the earth than the upper. This tends to slowly gain its equilibrium by a minute fraction of the interior electricity being at once conveyed to the surface, the further communication being delayed until the outer tension is relieved, either by slow dissipation or by self-discharge. When thousands of these electriferous globules again further coalesce into raindrops a great and sudden increase of tension at their surface takes place. This train of events would correspond pretty well to the mental phenomena which it is wished to ascribe to it. The greatest sense of dread precedes by a considerable time the actual fall of rain; this slowly passes off as the electrical equilibrium is gained, to be succeeded by a more acute sense of fear immediately before the fall of rain, and immediately relieved when it is falling. Those in robust health, whose mental equilibrium is not easily disturbed, probably experience no sensation that they take any account of. Those, on the other hand, of more nervous disposition, or in any way out of health, it is suggested, probably associate the sense of dread with other causes, thus increasing their mental distress, and so justifying the use of the term useless conscience. It is probable that it occurs to most of us at times to feel an intense dread of something without being able to give any physical explanation of the fact, and where there is just ground for alarm the useless conscience steps in and aggravates that which it professes to be anxious to cure. Considerable disturbances of circulation probably accompany the tension of atmosphere above mentioned. That the feet tend to grow cold before snow, and that the blood vessels relax when it falls, is probably recognized by most persons. Deafness is more pronounced in some patients before rain, and giddiness and tinnitus are also aggravated by atmospheric tension. Some patients are made worse in electrical weather, and in them, of course, disturbance of circulation is a prominent feature. Sleeplessness, bad dreams, the headache following the second sleep are all so frequently followed by rain that it is impossible not to associate them as cause and effect. John Bunyan relates of himself that in early life he was one day playing cricket, when he felt an intense dread come over him. He looked up to heaven, and the whole game was delayed till he had determined whether to go on playing. If he had observed the subsequent phenomena, he would probably have found that his sense of fear was followed at a longer or shorter interval by a shower of rain, and that it was the electrical tension which preceded it which produced his thoughts. It is interesting to note that during the time rain is falling the condition of atmospheric electricity is changed from negative to positive, this being due to the friction of the falling globules.

This may explain the relief which is experienced when rain commences falling, which is subsequently followed by a sense of dread when a further downpour is indicated. Meissner possibly went to extreme lengths in his theories of the electrical changes of the vital fluids, but that atmospheric electricity does exert a powerful influence on organic beings there can probably be but little doubt.—*London Medical Press*.

Macricystis, a seaweed of the South Pacific, it is said often grows to be 20 to 30 inches in diameter and 1,500 to 2,000 feet in length. In no case do any of these have roots in the proper sense, their nourishment being absorbed from the water by all parts alike.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

WHERE IS THE SPIRIT WORLD?

By learning what we have in the last forty years of the condition of those who have left the body, knowing that they can at times revisit us, and that their spirit world is closely allied to our own, what conclusion do we inevitably reach? Is it not reasonable, and in perfect harmony with astronomical science, that the spirit world of each planet, envelops it, and extends away into the ethereal space, and ever accompanies it in its stupendous journey around the sun? In accordance with this teaching of our spirit friend, each inhabitant begins existence on its own globe, has his own physical experience there, in time leaves the body, and enters the spirit world contiguous to his own globe. There he finds those he used to know. For a period he remains in the border land between the physical world and the spirit world. As he progresses, he becomes more freed from physical conditions, and passes further on in his own spirit world.

Where is the spirit world of the earth? Is the physical earth itself a part of the spirit world? Most certainly. The proof of this lies in the fact that we are spirit, though our spirits are yet confined in the fleshy covering. Being rapt in flesh we are heavier than the air, and are held down to the surface of the earth by a pressure of fifteen pounds to the square inch.

By-and-by, when we are born the second time, our spiritual body will be born out of this physical body. That spirit body is lighter than the air, though it has its own ethereal substance. Being freed from the heavy flesh body, it will walk on the air, and naturally ascend to the regions beyond the dense atmosphere which is now our vital breath. We shall feel natural there. We shall feel alive. And when we become used to the means of locomotion, and to the mode of living, we shall find ourselves far better off than while we were going through our physical experience here.

Do you think we shall forget our friends who will be still down on the earth? Indeed we shall not forget them. We shall learn the laws by which we can reach them, and communicate to them the blessed truth that none of us will ever die. We shall help them all we can, and prepare a home for them when they, too, will, in their turn, drop the conditions of physical life, and enter the beautiful spirit world which envelops what we shall always remember as our dear Mother Earth.—Miss Abby A. J. DEXON.

AMONG THE STARS.

It is generally thought by astronomers to-day that all the celestial phenomena within reach of human vision belong to a single great system; but it is not yet possible to say just what the controlling order in the motions of the stars composing the visible universe is. Observation shows that all the stars are in motion, but with varying velocities, and in all possible directions. In the same quarter of the sky, and even in comparatively crowded aggregations of stars, some are found to be moving in one direction and some in another. In the case of the well-known figure of the Great Dipper, for instance, the motions of the stars are such that in the course of some thousand of years that figure will cease to be remarked in the sky. Many of its stars will have separated, going in several directions, although some of them will continue to keep company, as their journey lies the same way in space. So, too, some of these stars are approaching us and some are receding from us. The spectroscopic, aided by photography, enables astronomers to measure the velocity of these stars that are either coming nearer to us or passing further from us, with an accuracy that takes account of a single mile per second. The sun is not exempt from this universal law of motion. It is speeding at the rate of several hundred millions of miles in a year toward a point in the northern heavens situated not far from the brilliant star Vega, a sun that is vastly more luminous than our own. So we on the earth are not travelling as most persons imagine, in a beaten track around the sun year after year, but the earth follows the sun in its northward-pointed course, and, consequently, sweeps onward in vast spirals around the moving sun, so that we are continually borne into new regions of space.—*New York Sun*.

Let "Change" bet be like turf bets, or other bets, legally invalid. Let the broker who facilitates the commercial gambling have no legal recourse against the gambler's estate in the event of his bet resulting in a loss. Men with money to invest would find no increased difficulty in investing it, but rather an open market cleared from economic highwaymen. Men with *bona fide* cargoes, stocks, or shares to sell would meet with *bona fide* buyers. Men without a coin would find greater difficulty in conjuring a coin out of his neighbor's pocket, and, on the lowest estimate of the new position, a man possessed of a coin could still bet that coin if he chose. Abolish "settling day," and so oblige stockbrokers to deal in ready money like "bookmakers" and publicans. The proposal is doubtless startling, for the abuse which it strikes at is very great.—*Correspondent London National Reform*.

HYPNOTISM AND MENTAL SUGGESTION.

Under this caption *The Art of Hypnotism*, for July, contains an interesting article, containing cases of patients under hypnotic treatment and their ultimate cure, some of whose lives were despaired of and who could not have been successfully handled except under the influence of a hypnotist.

In his article Mr. Flower writes: "Dr. Hamilton Oggood related to me many instances where extraordinary cures have followed positive suggestion made to the patient when in a perfectly normal condition. As a rule, however, far more can be accomplished after the patient has been thrown into the hypnotic sleep, and it is this phenomenon and the results attending the same, which I personally witnessed some few weeks since, at the Home of Incurables, in the beautiful suburban town of Ashmont.

"During this visit Dr. Oggood hypnotized twelve patients. In each instance the experiment proved completely successful. In many cases the patient yielded readily to the doctor's suggestion; in others it required a few moments to bring the invalid's will entirely under the domination of the physician's will. To me there was something thrilling, startling, and terrible in this spectacle of a human mind instantly yielding to a will more royal than his own, becoming a willing vassal, with ears attuned to no voice save the regal master whose slightest wish becomes absolute law."

The following case tells its own story. "We next visited a patient who was, in some respects, the most remarkable subject that I have ever seen. This man was suffering great pain from a horrible sore on the hip. He amused himself by mounting horns and making other ornaments. We met him when we first went into the hospital. He was busily at work, but complained of suffering greatly from his hip. The doctor requested him to undress, and be ready by the time he returned in about a quarter of an hour, so he could dress the hip. We found the man ready. He had been hypnotized before, and had proved a remarkably fine subject. Dr. Oggood stood beside the patient, who was then lying in one of the beds in a ward screened from the other inmates. 'James,' said he, looking him steadfastly in the eye, 'Six.' Almost instantly the man was in a profound cataleptic slumber, as absolutely unconscious of everything, save the physician's voice, as if he were completely under the influence of ether. The doctor said, 'Your right arm is rigid now, James.' The arm at once became perfectly rigid. 'Raise your right arm.' The arm was raised. 'Your arm is rigid; you can not lower it.' The arm remained stationary. 'Mr. Flower can not lower it,' said the doctor. I endeavored to do so, but found it was perfectly rigid. I am convinced that it would have been necessary to break it or unjoint some bone in order to have pressed it down. 'You can lower your hand now.' The hand came down, and soon to all appearances the arm was like the rest of the body, in an apparently normal condition, although entirely insensible to pain. 'You are now dreaming,' said the doctor, 'that you are stroking a beautiful little kitten.' Scarcely had the words passed from his mouth, when the hand slowly made a motion as if stroking something. 'Do you hear that music?' said the doctor. 'No,' came a low response. 'Why, a band is coming; don't you hear it?' 'No! Well, we will wait until it gets a little nearer. Now it is passing the house; now you hear it, do you not?' 'Yes,' and a beautiful smile stole over the face which remained until he awakened. Evidently the sleeper was revelling in the music or living in a delightful dream. Turning to the nurse, the doctor said, 'We will now dress the sore.' It was a large, deep, and ugly looking place in the hip, which had been lanced to the bone. The dressing of the wound was held in place by large strips of surgeon's adhesive plaster. The doctor took hold of one of these strips, and with a quick movement tore the entire outside dressing off. Had the man been conscious, this would have proved terribly painful; but as it was, he seemed lost in a delightful dream, as his face continued to wear the smile of that perfect felicity only found in happy sleep. There was no movement of the body, no twitching of the muscles any more than there would have been had he been dead. The doctor then cleansed the wound, which in the normal condition would have been exceedingly painful, after which, in a hurried though skillful manner, he packed nearly a yard of iodoform gauze, cut about an inch in width, into the sore, packing it somewhat as a dentist would pack the gold leaf in a tooth. During all this time the patient was evidently enjoying himself immensely, if the facial expression indicated the condition of his mind. 'Were he not in this profound cataleptic condition,' the doctor explained, 'it would take me over half an hour to dress this wound, on account of the intense pain he would suffer. I could now cut off his leg,' he said, 'without his feeling the slightest sensation.' After the sore was dressed, he drew up the cover, seated himself beside the patient, and said, 'Now you may count ten; when you have counted six, you will awake.' Slowly and in a low

tone the patient began to count. When he reached six his eyes opened. A dazed expression, as one suddenly roused from a deep slumber, was exhibited. He continued to count. 'Why are you counting?' said the doctor. 'I don't know,' replied, in a foolish, dazed manner. By that time he reached ten, and stopped. 'Do you remember anything?' 'No, yes you do.' 'No, I didn't dream anything.' 'It seemed to dream a good many things, but do not remember what they were.' 'Think. Didn't you dream you heard anything?' 'No, yes you did.' 'No, think again.' 'No, I try now.' 'Think again.' The man seemed to be making a desperate effort to recollect. Finally he said, as if digging up thoughts from the depths of his brain, 'I think I heard a band of music playing, but I am not sure.' 'Are you ready for your hip to be dressed?' 'Yes, doctor, but it is not paining me now.' 'The pain has all left, has it?' 'Yes, sir.'"

Written for The Better Way.
SPIRIT-TELEGRAPHY.
MRS. R. S. LILLIE.

I have for sometime had in my possession notes concerning a case of spirit telegraphy, in which, I think, your readers will be interested.

It took place between two ladies, one a young lady resident of Boston, just entering womanhood and of cultured mind with a fine spiritual nature by inheritance. This lady has recently shown a wonderful development in a high phase of mediumship. The other lady in question is a resident of Lynn and has been a medium for many years. She is a teacher of spiritual science.

The latter made a call upon the mother of the young lady, and during which there were manifestations of a psychic character which led to an experiment in mental telegraphy. They agreed to make a trial the next day at quarter before nine in the morning. The lady in Lynn was to write one or more questions at home, and the young lady was, at the same time, at her home to try to get impressions as to the number of questions and their nature, and to reply to them. Each was to send sealed what might be produced to a mutual friend, living in the locality where resided the young lady. I will write the questions and their answers in the order as the mutual friend found them on opening the two envelopes.

QUESTION. No. 1. To all and every spirit that can reach my own spirit. Shall I ever be able to accomplish that which I most desire?

ANSWER. The power to communicate directly through the ethers of thought essence is uncultivated in her at present, but we would say more can be done in that line than either of you are aware of the power lying dormant in both.

QUES. 2. Is it within my power to reach a high percent of occult?

ANS. Those laws in occult which you are faithfully following at present we would say are the elementary principles of a wondrous science and you have but stood on its threshold and read its dooplate. Your progression is sure.

QUES. 3. Shall I be able to hold my spirit in the truth of all demands?

ANS. Your power is of the spirit, not of the clay, therefore spiritual is the force upholding, sustaining, and leading you onward and through eternity.

The second and third questions and their answers are very direct and clear. The first would not appear so clear unless the reader is told that the power to communicate in this manner was (as she stated) what she so greatly desired.

Such experiments are interesting and give us glimpses of the rare possibilities which are ours and which might be enjoyed to a far greater degree if all so desiring would do as did these ladies—make the trial.

SPIRITUAL SIGHT.

The *Review of Reviews* records the following well-authenticated cases of clairvoyance, written for its pages, by a lady of culture who calls herself a "psychic":

THE FIRST APPARITION.

I was eleven years old when I remember seeing my first apparition. It was after ten o'clock at night, and I was going to bed. I simply saw an old man's figure, a man with a grey beard, and rather stooping shoulders, apparently coming into my room. I sprang up indignantly, when it disappeared. After that, for some years, I saw nothing definite. Once or twice I had impressions of a psychic nature, but I was anxious to have nothing to do with anything of the kind. It is my personal experience that one can make oneself entirely unresponsive in this matter, and that psychic experiences do not force themselves on one against one's will. A passive attitude is at least necessary.

A WARNING DREAM.

After that I saw apparitions occasionally, but they made no deep impression upon my mind, and I did not wish for them. The first real vision was after I was married. I dreamed that I saw my husband on horseback. The first time I saw him he was simply struggling with the horse. I had an awful sense of impending danger. I awoke, trembling with terror. I awoke him, and told him there and then, "Some accident will happen to you if you go out to-morrow on horseback, or with the horse at all." He

treated it as nonsense. I slept again, but the same dream, with all the sensations of horror, returned. Again I awoke trembling, and told him. He was rather cross. The third time I slept, and I saw a dark swirling flood of water. The horse was sinking in it, and my husband was on the horse's back. I felt bound to tell him again, but he probably thought me warning. He went out as usual the next day. He met with an accident, which disabled the horse, broke the shafts of the dogcart which he was driving, and himself was thrown from the carriage and severely shaken, although not otherwise injured. He said he was driving much more carefully than usual, or the results to himself would have been worse.

A CURIOUS DOUBLE CONSCIOUSNESS.

I had a very curious experience recently. I was at Communion, and between the bread and wine I had a vision of a friend. I was much interested in my friend's welfare, and I saw the unfolding, as it were, of the whole course of circumstances through which she was passing. Time, and the limitations of time, do not exist in those states. A moment of time, as we reckon it, may seem a whole eternity, and the duration of my vision bore no relation whatever to the actual moment of time which it occupied. I was having the same dual-consciousness. My seeing self was watching my friend's affairs, and feeling, come what will, I must see this to the end. My other self was feeling that the wine was about to be presented in a moment, and that I might be unable to grasp the cup. I saw the vision, however, to the end, and saw my friend in death. As the vision passed, I was able to take the wine as I had taken the bread.

"I have frequently seen phantasms both of the living and of the dead. Those of the living are exactly like the living. If I saw you, I should see you exactly as you are yourself, as any one would be able to see you. But the dead are otherwise. I always feel a sense of inferiority to the dead which I do not have in the presence of the phantasms of the living.

RECOGNIZING THE APPARITION OF THE DEAD.

A short time ago I was asleep, when I was awakened by a figure bending over me. I was ill, and did not want to be troubled with such an experience, and resolutely turned away from the figure, who went away. The next night I was awakened again, and saw the same apparition—a lady dressed in grey. I could not see the face, as there was no light in the room. Again I turned away, and she went, nor did she return again. Some days afterwards they gave me a letter, and asked me if I would object to hold it in my hands and tell them what I saw. I held it up in my hand for a minute. I felt that it was from some one who was dead. As I was holding the paper in my hand, I was conscious of a cold hand which grasped my wrist. It was cold, and, afterwards, warmed to my hand, which it held tightly. At the same time a cold breath came like slight wind and moved my dress. The movements of the dress were discernible to those who were in the room. Then the invisible hand raised my hand above my head and then let go. Some days afterwards I looked in the crystal, and there I saw a face. As soon as I saw it, I felt, and said, "That is the lady who came to see me at night, who grasped my hand, and whose letter I had the other day." Her sister said, "Will you describe her?" I described her, and she said my description accurately corresponded with that of her sister. We tried another test. A number of photos of women of various ages were procured. I turned them over, and picked out without hesitation the portrait of Miss M., but it was one which was taken twenty years before her death. Her hair was quite grey at death. The portrait which I picked out was that of a woman about thirty. I said: "This portrait is an older one than Miss M., as I saw her in the crystal. She was in the prime of youth. Yet this lady was a grey-haired woman of fifty when she died." I had never seen her in life, nor did she have any reason for appearing to me unless it might have been as a means of comforting her sister, who always mourned her loss. This experience was most pleasant, as I felt conscious of a kind and sympathetic personality all through it.

WAS IT A GHOST?

On Saturday night, March 26th, a Connecticut woman was en route to New York by way of a railroad train due at the Grand Central Depot at 7:30 o'clock. Her husband was with her, but he sat near one of the lights reading, while she occupied a window-place in a seat with a stranger. She had been looking out of the window as the darkness grew, watching the lights and faces of the people in the car reflected in the opaque dust, when suddenly she was startled by the appearance directly in front of the window of an apparition in marble, it seemed. It was the face and head of a venerable man, with a high forehead, flowing white hair, and a long beard. Unlike the faces of the other occupants of the car which were turned in the same direction with herself, this face looked at her from forward, so that it presented almost a square front. Something in

the light shined and frightened her. Not daring to turn she reached around and touched the woman at her side, to whom before this she had not spoken. "Look," she said earnestly, "look at that." Attracted by her manner, the stranger leaned forward and peered over her shoulder into the darkness outside. "I see nothing," she said, and as she spoke the face vanished. "Why didn't you see it as you turned?" the other asked eagerly. "A marble-white face like Longfellow's, only larger and with more hair and beard. Whose could it have been?" She turned and scanned the occupants of the seats near her, then got up and walked the length of the car, searching for the original, thinking she was the victim of some illusion of refraction. There was nobody in the car whose face in the least resembled that she had seen, and she and her seat-mate talked of the matter till the latter left at the next stopping place. On her way from the train the Connecticut woman related her vivid vision to her husband, and then dismissed it from her mind for the time. The next morning, however, on opening a Sunday paper she started back in alarm. "Why," she exclaimed, "there is the face that looked at me through the car window," pointing, as she spoke, to a large cut of Walt Whitman; "and he died last night." She finished in an awe-struck voice. In the accounts of the poet's death, it was stated that he breathed his last at 6:43 p. m. By recalling the station at which her seat-mate had left, the Connecticut woman was able to estimate that it must have been a few minutes before seven that the face showed itself. In conclusion it may be said that she is a woman over fifty, of exceptional intelligence, the wife of a prominent man, and, aside from her reputation for veracity, has the testimony of two witnesses that she spoke of, and was affected by something she had seen before she could have possibly known of the poet's death.—*New York Times*.

WHAT IS A MEDIUM?

It appears to us that a brief answer might be thus rendered. A medium is a person who is so constitutionally endowed as to give off and be receptive to a peculiar force variously called odyl, psychic, or magnetic, by means of which certain phenomenal results are produced by spirits. Mediums are therefore organically adapted to become the instruments, or the agents, consciously or unconsciously, through whom human beings in spirit life are enabled to make their existence and presence manifest to and hold intercourse with mortals. The phenomena may be of a physical or psychological character. Physical manifestations consist of table movements, direct writings, etc., including materializations. Psychological demonstrations include trance, impressions, visions, clairvoyance, prophecy, inspiration, diagnosis of disease, and psychometry, but all real mediumistic results are due to the action and induced by the efforts of spirit operators through their own and the medium's psychic auras augmented by the force supplied by other sitters whose psychic spheres may be harmonious therewith. There can be no doubt that many experiences of a psychical nature are due to the activity of the human spirit. Many persons are sensitive to the psychical plane. Dreams, premonitions, visions, impressions, healing, clairvoyance, psychometry, and ecstatic lucidity may all occur without direct spirit influence. It is not advisable to attribute all occult experiences to "the spirits." But the spirit embodied, has soul powers which can be cultivated, but mediumship differs from the unaided psychical activity of the embodied spirit by being a result of the combined forces of the spirit operator and the medium. A medium should be a student of the phenomena and of the possibilities of mediumship, intelligently co-operating with the spirit workers to provide the best conditions. No medium should be a mere tool, or an unconscious and indifferent agent for, or a blind slave to his c her spirit guide, but should seek to establish the relation of friendly co-operation and true spiritual sympathy to secure the highest good.—*Two Worlds*.

HOV KING OSRIC'S BODY WAS FOUND.

The Dean of Gloucester describes, in *Good Words* for June, how he discovered the remains of Osric, King of Northumbria, under the tomb which occupies the place of honor in Gloucester Cathedral. On the night of January 7, 1892, he caused two panels on the south side to be removed, and there was found a long leaden coffin lying exactly beneath the king's effigy. The top of the lead coffin was broken and a few small bones could be seen. The lower end of the coffin was perfect, and a gray dust marked the position where the feet and legs of the ancient king had lain. They did not disturb the dust, but restored the coffin to its silent resting place. The dean took it that the king's body really did lie there from a paragraph in Leland. He says it is the oldest known remains of the heathen kings of England. The skull of Osric, however, which is in Durham Cathedral, is a hundred years older in the remains of King Osric.—*Review of Reviews*.

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AFFIRMATIONS OF THE SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY.

As the needle turns to the pole, so as plants grow towards the light, so the weary feet of man have followed the banks of the great rivers, in all his struggles, toil and history. By the ever flowing streams he has lived his brief day—felt the sting of pain, thrill of pleasure, the cold touch of death, and then gone home to the secret of the universe. On the banks of the large rivers he has built his cities and monuments, as the child sets up its toys to topple and fall by the touch of time. In his primitive age, some clung to the banks of the Nile, leaving behind them monuments of stone, so stupendous they yet remain, a wonder in our modern times.

The nomads of Israel no doubt felt a peculiar delight in wandering along the banks of the sluggish Jordan. But the Tigris and the Euphrates, the two largest rivers of Western Asia, and the district enclosed between them, furnished, in the olden time, one of the most remarkable centers of human activity. There successive kingdoms have arisen and fallen,—their kings have climbed to thrones wet with blood, and then thrones and kings have gone into silence and forgetfulness.—There great cities have been built, and there they have also gone out in darkness and in night. On the banks of the Euphrates once stood the mighty city Babylon. It was the seat of empire—a proud queen looking in defiant pride afar over the plains of Shinar. Around its walls and towers the storms of battle had often beat and for many centuries its history had been one of alternate lights and shadows. About 600 B.C. Babylon was in her zenith. She had never before known such splendor, and never saw it again. Then one Nebuchadnezzar was king. He seems to have devoted all the energy of his reign to the improvement of the city. He walled the banks of the Euphrates, built cathedrals, towers, canals, immense walls, and for his Median wife, hanging gardens, classed among the wonders of the world. He also among other conquests laid siege to Jerusalem and captured it. This was the second great humiliation of ancient Israel.

From the Israelites whom he had subjugated, he selected a few young men of the best blood and ordered them to Babylon that they might be taught in the learning of the Chaldeans. Among them was one Daniel, the hero of this article. The king ordered them to be fed from the same meat he ate, and that they should drink the same wine that he drank. This Daniel refused, as he was not only a remarkable medium, but also a vegetarian and practical prohibitionist. The king's efforts to educate Daniel were abortive. He possessed a mediumistic power which always, when properly used, brings a larger education than the schools can give. In addition to visions and trances, Daniel possessed the rare gift of interpretation of dreams.

Nebuchadnezzar with all his wealth and power was unhappy. He was troubled with strange dreams. It is not probable that spirits took this means to reach him in the slumbers of the night. They have no more regard for the down and damask of a kingly couch, than for the hard cot and pillow of a peasant. Unfortunately when the king awoke the dreams were indistinct and this greatly troubled him. He called on his astrologers but they found no sign or planet in the horoscopes they cast, which could bring back again a half-remembered dream.

In his extremity he called in Daniel who, by his clairvoyant and mediumistic power, reproduced his dream and gave him the interpretation. (Daniel, 1st and 2nd Chap.) This was the beginning of Daniel's mediumistic career in Babylon, and we shall hear from him again later on.

Nature has decreed that no head shall long wear a kingly crown. The monarch and his humblest subject are alike born to die. Nebuchadnezzar with all his faults and his virtues, which, I am impressed, were far greater than the kings of his age, at last yields his crown to the universal conqueror of men and empires. His unworthy and profligate son succeeded him to the throne and after two years of weak and evil reign was murdered. The kingdom then passed to his brother-in-law and rapidly changed hands until the city of Babylon was left in charge of Belshazzar, an idle, dissolute grandson, while his father the king was probably a prisoner, or fighting the enemy in the field. Under profligate rule the empire began to show signs of decay. Moreover a storm cloud had already gathered over Babylon. The magnitude of which she did not dream. It was only waiting the opportune moment, when its giant thunderbolts might rend the empire to its foundation. Behind this fearful cloud was hid the face of Cyrus the Persian waiting to leap like a tiger upon his prey and establish the Medo-Persian supremacy.

The spirit of Babylon's departed king saw all this and he watched with mournful interest the curtain so soon to fall over the empire. The medium Daniel had revealed it all to him long years before he left the mortal, in the interpretation of his dreams.

Belshazzar was too sensual and ignorant to feel the impress of disembodied beings. He ordered a great feast—a

carnival of sin and pleasure—and when the appointed night came, Babylon was lit with a splendor it had never known before. The lights from its myriad lamps fell in shining spangles on the waters of the Euphrates—from the high towers they darted like winged messengers afar over the plains.—The hundred gates of brass glistened in their glare while through the hanging gardens already neglected, they shone out like gloomy spectres calling up to the watching spirit of the departed king the love for which he built them. In the palace hall, music broke forth in voluptuous appeal. The flying feet of the dancers trip like faeries through the frescoed hall. Now comes the sparkling wine and upon its foaming goblets the demons of lust chatter and smile. The feet of the dancers grow heavy, and the eyes of the young prince droop in sluggish delirium. He rallies, and orders from the treasure house of the gods the sacred vessels his grandfather had brought from weeping Israel and kept with care. They fill them to the brim and again drink,—the night is drooping into the gray arms of the morning. Look! Look! Hundreds of bleared eyes turn to the walls of the palace. Well they might look! There is a materialized hand, writing on the wall! The music stops! The goblets drop! The prince and all the women tremble with fear. He recovers his senses enough to call for the astrologers, but no sign of the zodiac can explain such a phenomenon as this. Call in the queen-mother. She comes and looks with mingled pity and contempt at her disolute son. He entreates her to aid him, to which the good woman replies: "Call in Daniel. He was the medium your grandfather consulted in times of trouble." The door opens and Daniel enters. He does not appear as in those early days when he first refused the king's meat and wine. His hair is bleaching for death's harvest, his Israelitish face is furrowed, and his shoulders droop. Daniel stands by Belshazzar and looks calmly at the wall and then at the trembling company. There was nothing about it to terrify. He had seen visions, interpreted dreams, talked with spirits, and they had long ago told him haughty Babylon must bite the dust. He reads with slow and measured word, "Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin Peres.—God hath numbered thy kingdom and finished it; Thou art weighed in the balances and art found wanting; Thy kingdom is divided and given to the Medes and Persians."

The morning dawns over the city but "Babylon has fallen." Her sun has set. The spirit of her noblest and wisest king has watched its fall and warned his unworthy posterity of their doom. But Daniel's prophecies are not all fulfilled. The Medo-Persian empire can not last. (What kingdom can last?) It, too, must go down and then the Macedonian plays its part in the bloody drama of history. Nor does Daniel stop here. In his spiritual illumination he sees in the dim distance, Rome enthroned on her seven hills, the mistress of a world. But Rome has also had her brief day and disappeared from the stage. His predictions have been in a general sense fulfilled. We can but place Daniel the Israelite among the psychics who all along the path of history have left traces of their mediumship and helped part the thin veil, which hides the spiritual from our view. In his spiritualistic experience we have another evidence the dead do not forget their country, empire, or nation. Disembodied patriots have a deep and abiding interest in their native land.

As Nebuchadnezzar loved the city he had adorned, and the empire he had guided, so our arisen patriots watch over the ship of State when rocked by storms and billows, and hold high above the foaming crest, beacon lights to guide it to a peaceful harbor.

IS IT "UNCONSCIOUS CEREBRATION?"

BY THE EDITOR.

The Rev. Dr. Wilt C. Talmage, the Baptist clergyman who consecrates in the Brooklyn Tabernacle, N. Y., and who sells his sermons stereotyped in column blocks for the weekly papers throughout the country, in his passion for sensation ignores consistency entirely.

Judged by his published utterances he "is everything by turns and nothing long." He is intensely credent; a Calvinist; a substitutionist; a worshipper of the faith condition; an advocate of works to form character and secure eternal life; a liberal; a bigot; an opposer of Spiritualism; a teacher of Spiritualistic doctrines and philosophy; a theological wriggling "Virginia fence"; a Dr. Jeckyl and Mr. Hyde; and a wholesale dealer in pulpit and platform pyrotechnics.

He has imitated his clerical, orthodox, brother, Rev. Joseph Cook, in confessing and denying, and teaching and abusing Spiritualism. In a recent memorial sermon delivered in his tabernacle, it suited his theme to preach unadulterated Spiritualism, and he did it. The editor of *Hall's Journal of Health* pronounces it, in headlines, "Spiritualism pure and simple," and adds, "Had this noted divine confessed to the light which comes with the gift of much-despised Spiritualism, he could not have done better." Read and see if he has not "confessed."

"I do not care which garden you put over the northern grave and which over the southern grave. Does any one say 'What is the use?' None of them will know it. Your devotion does both sides. Mason and Dixon's line are a great waste of flowers." Ah! I see you have carried too far my idea that praise for the living is better than praise for the departed. Who says that the dead do not know of the flowers? I think they do. The dead are not dead. The body sleeps, but the soul lives and is unburied. Not two cities on earth are in such rapid and constant communication as earth and heaven, and the two great decoration days of north and south are better known in realms celestial than terrestrial. With what interest we visit the place of our birth and of our boyhood or girlhood days! And have the departed no interest in this world where they were born and reared, and where they suffered and triumphed? My little does not positively say so, nor does my catechism teach it, but my common-sense declares it. The departed do know, and the bantered processions that marched the earth yesterday to northern graves, and the bantered processions that marched a month ago to southern graves, were accompanied by two grander though invisible processions that walked the air, processions of the ascended, processions of the martyred, processions of the sainted; and they heard the anthems of the churches and the salvo of the batteries, and they stooped down to breathe the incense of the flowers. These august throngs gathered this morning in these pews and aisles and corridors and galleries are insignificant compared with the mightier throngs of heaven who mingle in this service which we render to God and our country while we twist the two garlands. Hail spirits multitudinous! Hail spirits blest! Hail martyred ones, come down from the king's palace! How glad we are that you have come back again. Take this kiss of welcome and these garlands of remembrance, ye who languished in hospitals or went down under the thunders and lightnings of Fredericksburg and Cold Harbor and Murfreesboro and Corinth and Yorktown and above the clouds on Lookout Mountain.

THE STORY OF "OLD IRON-SIDES."

One of the five magnificent frigates built in 1798, during the war with France, namely, the Constitution, is still in existence and in good condition. Its timbers have been renewed at different times, and its equipment greatly modernized, but its outward appearance is almost the same as ever. When built it was considered one of the finest ships of the American navy; but it would offer but a slight resistance to the attacks of a powerful modern ironclad like the *Missouri*. The Constitution originally carried forty-four guns. A particularly interesting history is connected with this ship. During the war with the Barbary powers, in 1803, she was Commodore Preble's flag-ship in the Mediterranean, and played a conspicuous part during the whole year. Lieutenant Wadsworth, who was blown up before Tripoli in the ill-fated *Intrepid*, was one of the officers of the Constitution. In the course of the war with England in 1812, the English papers laughed at the Constitution, and spoke of her as "a bundle of pine boards, sailing under a bit of striped bunting." But when, under Captain Hull, she captured the English frigate the *Guerriere*, a vessel of nearly equal force, the people who had before ridiculed her called her "one of the staunchest vessels afloat." A few months after this victory, the Constitution, then commanded by Captain Bainbridge, compelled one of the finest frigates in the British navy, the *Java*, to strike its colors.

One of the most famous of her exploits was during the same war, when she escaped from Broke's squadron, among which she had accidentally fallen. The sea was almost a dead calm, so Captain Hull had to resort to towing. All her boats were lowered, with long lines attached, and in addition Hull had ropes applied together to make a line half a mile long, to which he had attached a kedge anchor. This was carried in a boat half a mile ahead and dropped, when the crew hauled the ship rapidly forward. The commodore of the English squadron soon adopted the same tactics, and if it had not been for a breeze springing up the Constitution would have been captured. In 1830, it was proposed by the navy department to take her to pieces, for she was said to be unworthy. But on account of her glorious achievements, people thought she should be preserved. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, then a young man of twenty-one, just graduated from Harvard university, wrote the famous patriotic poem, "Old Ironsides." This poem had such a powerful influence on the public mind that the vessel was saved, and, as I have already said, is still in existence, though nearly a hundred years old.—*Harper's Young People*.

The sorrowful chastenings of earth open the doors of the heavenly life to the soul-loving spiritual things.

Many who are accounted Spiritualists, fail to disclose any knowledge of the primary meaning of the term.

AFFIRMATIONS OF PHILOSOPHY.

To the Editor of The Better Way.

I fully realize that in general the only claim any one can have to space in your columns is that he has a truth to offer or a superior method of presenting the truth. But as long as men continue to teach fallacies, criticisms must occasionally be in order. "True upon thee, precept upon precept, here a little, and there a little," seems to be the order of progress. I admit the spirit in which your correspondent, Mr. Remis, writes, he is a student. May he be blessed with aspiration and industry, and he will certainly become wise. And may he cultivate a sensitiveness of soul, which will enable him to recognize truth, as I suspect did, in the true prince—*By instinct*.

But in *The Better Way* of June 18th he is sometimes obscure and apparently illogical. He says "All things, including the material, proceed from the interior realm of the spiritual." What does the expression "all things" include beside the material? How can an "eternal cause" antedate anything else that is eternal? He says "All things are necessarily and eternally, because of one absolute and unconditioned cause." We know, and can know of nothing in the universe which is unconditioned. Everything of which we are cognizant has relation to something else. If the orthodox cosmogony were true, even God would not be unconditioned. The alleged fact of creation indicates a relation between God and all creatures, implying duties on either side.

Again, he says: "The spiritual and the material exist as cause and effect. They are not dual. They are one." That is like the Christians' arithmetic. Three times one are one! Again, "The material exist only by the fiat of an almighty power, without which it would disappear."

What could become of it? There is not a particle of evidence, objective or logical, of the existence of any such power in the universe. "All things" are not effects; they are causes of phenomena of motion.

Again, "Aside from chemical and cohesive affinity and gravitation matter is destitute of force, motion, or life." It is like saying that except in certain instances in which matter presents the phenomena of force, motion, or life, it is destitute of force, motion, or life.

But these objections, and many more that might be noticed, are trivial compared to the principal one, which is that Mr. Remis' cosmogony logically leads to the blindest pessimism. If there be an almighty intelligent being who brought this world and its inhabitants into existence, that power is a malignant one.

The floods, the drouths, the tornadoes, and earthquakes, the extreme and rapid changes of temperature to which the surface of the earth is subject, render it unfit for the residence of man. And the atrociously predatory character of man unfits him to live in the presence of his fellows. This predatory habit is not confined to the uncivilized races by any means. Signs of it are plentiful among the so-called civilized nations. And as if the situation were not desperate enough, the Church comes forward with its cheerful doctrine of everlasting punishment for more than ninety-nine per cent. of the human family, and for the remaining one per cent. a heaven of eternal singing, hardly to be preferred to either this world or hades.

The bright contrast which a rational philosophy presents to these doctrines of despair, is cheering indeed. It teaches that man is a product of the earth—at first exceedingly imperfect, in fact a naked savage, ignorant of himself and the world. That he is slowly acquiring a knowledge of himself, and of his environment. That the present conditions of man and of the earth, had as they may be, could not have been otherwise. That they have been evolved from worse ones. That this world is not a penal colony, or even a "state of probation," but a laboratory where human souls are evolved, and whence they are ushered into immortal life. It teaches that the universe has space to contain and resources to provide for all their needs and that eternity furnishes ample time for all to develop a perfected moral character. I will not take space to elaborate these ideas. Your intelligent readers will be able to perceive any truth there may be in them without a multiplicity of arguments.

II. H. HARRIS.

Greenwood, Kan.

THE GUILLOTINE AND ITS INVENTOR.

One of the most widely disseminated of popular errors is that Dr. Guillotine invented the grim machine which still bears his name. The real inventor of this sinister contrivance was Dr. Louis, a well-known medical man and permanent secretary of the Parisian School of Medicine, or *Académie de Médecine*.

Dr. Guillotine, who died in 1814, energetically but vainly protested against the use of his name in connection with this disagreeable subject—an evidence, if one were wanted, of the great difficulty there is of correcting a popular error. Needless to say that the legend that Dr. Guillotine was among the victims of his friend's ingenious and merciful instrument of destruction is wholly apocryphal. He died at a good old age, and in his bed, surrounded by his children who, however, obtained permission to change their name.—*London Saturday Review*.

THE INFLUENCE OF WEATHER.

To the Editor of The Better Way.

That some animals and plants are able to foretell rain by their sensations is undoubtedly the fact. The sundew is well known to close itself before a shower and sheep are observed to get under shelter before rain. The electric eel becomes more excited in thundery weather. This remark applies to most fish, especially to those which have been observed to throw themselves out of the water and become stranded during the storm. Obviously if animals know by their sensations when wet weather is approaching it may be of use to them in keeping their fur dry, and plants by closing their petals can thus protect some delicate part of their structure from damage. To man as a cave-dweller, or during the long ages of primitive agriculture, the fact of being able to forecast rain by any mental sensations might have been of considerable use. But to civilized man dwelling in houses and prepared for rain when he goes out, this use of them must for long have ceased, and if now felt they are probably not connected with the cause producing them. But this view of its possible usefulness in past times does not explain its causation. Atmosphere with its continual variations would be present before any life on this planet, and if it exerted this influence on living beings as above suggested, the question as to whether they turned it to a useful purpose or not would be of secondary consideration. To look briefly at the phenomena which take place when rain clouds are forming. The following seems roughly to be an outline of what is known. When condensation of vapor takes place aloft the tension on the outside of the cloud is greater than in the interior, and on its under surface opposite the earth than the upper. This tends to slowly gain its equilibrium by a minute fraction of the interior electricity being at once conveyed to the surface, the further communication being delayed until the outer tension is relieved, either by slow dissipation or by self-discharge. When thousands of these electriferous globules again further coalesce into raindrops a great and sudden increase of tension at their surface takes place. This train of events would correspond pretty well to the mental phenomena which it is wished to ascribe to it. The greatest sense of dread precedes by a considerable time the actual fall of rain; this slowly passes off as the electrical equilibrium is gained, to be succeeded by a more acute sense of fear immediately before the fall of rain, and immediately relieved while it is falling. Those in robust health, whose mental equilibrium is not easily disturbed, probably experience no sensation that they take any account of. Those, on the other hand, of more nervous disposition, or in any way out of health, it is suggested, probably associate the sense of dread with other causes, thus increasing their mental distress, and so justifying the use of the term useless conscience. It is probable that it occurs to most of us at times to feel an intense dread of something without being able to give any physical explanation of the fact, and where there is just ground for alarm the useless conscience steps in and aggravates that which it professes to be anxious to cure. Considerable disturbances of circulation probably accompany the tension of atmosphere above mentioned. That the feet tend to grow cold before snow, and that the blood vessels relax when it falls, is probably recognized by most persons. Deafness is more pronounced in some patients before rain, and giddiness and tinnitus are also aggravated by atmospheric tension. Some patients are made worse in electrical weather, and in them, of course, disturbance of circulation is a prominent feature. Sleeplessness, bad dreams, the headache following the second sleep are all so frequently followed by rain that it is impossible not to associate them as cause and effect. John Bunyan relates of himself that in early life he was one day playing cricket, when he felt an intense dread come over him. He looked up to heaven, and the whole game was delayed till he had determined whether to go on playing. If he had observed the subsequent phenomena, he would probably have found that his sense of fear was followed at a longer or shorter interval by a shower of rain, and that it was the electrical tension which preceded it which produced his thoughts. It is interesting to note that during the time rain is falling the condition of atmospheric electricity is changed from negative to positive, this being due to the friction of the falling globules.

This may explain the relief which is experienced when rain commences falling, which is subsequently followed by a sense of dread when a further downpour is indicated. Melancon possibly went to extreme lengths in his theories of the electrical changes of the vital fluids, but that atmospheric electricity does exert a powerful influence on organic beings there can probably be but little doubt.—*London Medical Press*.

Macricyath, a seaweed of the South Pacific, is said often grows to be 20 to 30 inches in diameter and 1,500 to 2,000 feet in length. In no case do any of these have roots in the proper sense, their nourishment being absorbed from the water by all parts alike.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

Let "Change" bet be like turf bets, or other bets, legally invalid. Let the broker who facilitates the commercial gambling have no legal recourse against the gambler's estate in the event of his bet resulting in a loss. Men with money to invest would find no increased difficulty in investing it, but rather an open market cleared from economic highwaymen. Men with bona fide cargoes, stocks, or shares to sell would meet with bona fide buyers. Men without a coin would find greater difficulty in conjuring a coin out of his neighbor's pocket, and, on the lowest estimate of the new position, a man possessed of a coin could still bet that coin if he chose. Abolish "settling day," and so oblige stockbrokers to deal in ready money like "bookmakers" and publicans. The proposal is doubtless startling, for the abuse which it strikes at is very great.—*Correspondent London National*

former.

WHERE IS THE SPIRIT WORLD?

By learning what we have in the last forty years of the condition of those who have left the body, knowing that they can at times revisit us, and that their spirit world is closely allied to our own, what conclusion do we inevitably reach? Is it not reasonable, and in perfect harmony with astronomical science, that the spirit world of each planet, envelope it, and extends away out into the etheric space, and ever accompanies it in its pendulous journey around the sun? In accordance with this teaching of our spiritual friend, each inhabitant begins existence on its own globe, has his own physical experience there, in time leaves the body, and enters the spirit world contiguous to his own globe. There he finds those he used to know. For a period he remains in the border land between the physical world and the spirit world. As he progresses, he becomes more freed from physical conditions, and passes further on in his own spirit world.

Where is the spirit world of the earth? Is the physical earth itself a part of the spirit world? Most certainly. The proof of this lies in the fact that we are spirits, though our spirits are yet confined in the fleshy covering. Being kept in flesh we are heavier than the air, and are held down to the surface of the earth by a pressure of fifteen pounds to the square inch.

By-and-by, when we are born the second time, our spiritual body will be born out of this physical body. That spirit body is lighter than the air, though it has its own etheric substance. Being freed from the heavy flesh body, it will walk on the air, and naturally ascend to the regions beyond the dense atmosphere which is now our vital breath. We shall feel natural there. We shall feel alive. And when we become used to the means of locomotion, and to the mode of living, we shall find ourselves far better off than while we were going through our physical experience here.

Do you think we shall forget our friends who will be still down on the earth? Indeed we shall not forget them. We shall learn the laws by which we can reach them, and communicate to them the blessed truth that none of us will ever die. We shall help them all we can, and prepare a home for them when they, too, will, in their turn, drop the conditions of physical life, and enter the beautiful spirit world which envelops what we shall always remember as our dear Mother Earth.—*Miss Abby A. Johnson*.

AMONG THE STARS.

It is generally thought by astronomers to day that all the celestial phenomena within reach of human vision belong to a single great system; but it is not yet possible to say just what the controlling order in the motions of the stars composing the visible universe is. Observation shows that all the stars are in motion, but with varying velocities, and in all possible directions. In the same quarter of the sky, and even in comparatively crowded aggregations of stars, some are found to be moving in one direction and some in another. In the case of the well-known figure of the Great Dipper, for instance, the motions of the stars are such that in the course of some thousand of years that figure will cease to be remarked in the sky. Many of its stars will have separated, going in several directions, although some of them will continue to keep company, as their journey lies the same way in space. So, too, some of the stars are approaching us and some are receding from us. The spectroscopic, aided by photography, enables astronomers to measure the velocity of these stars that are either coming nearer to us or passing further from us, with an accuracy that takes account of a single mile per second. The sun is not exempt from this universal law of motion. It is speeding at the rate of several hundred millions of miles in a year toward a point in the northern heavens situated not far from the brilliant star Vega, a star that is vastly more luminous than our own. So we on the earth are not travelling as most persons imagine, in a beaten track around the sun year after year, but the earth follows the sun in its northward-pointed course, and, consequently, sweeps onward in vast spirals around the moving sun, so that we are continually borne into new regions of space.—*New York Sun*.

Let "Change" bet be like turf bets, or other bets, legally invalid. Let the broker who facilitates the commercial gambling have no legal recourse against the gambler's estate in the event of his bet resulting in a loss. Men with money to invest would find no increased difficulty in investing it, but rather an open market cleared from economic highwaymen. Men with bona fide cargoes, stocks, or shares to sell would meet with bona fide buyers. Men without a coin would find greater difficulty in conjuring a coin out of his neighbor's pocket, and, on the lowest estimate of the new position, a man possessed of a coin could still bet that coin if he chose. Abolish "settling day," and so oblige stockbrokers to deal in ready money like "bookmakers" and publicans. The proposal is doubtless startling, for the abuse which it strikes at is very great.—*Correspondent London National*

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 July 25—Mrs. F. O. Hyer.
 July 26—Mrs. H. S. Lake and W. J. Col-
 ville.
 July 27—Conference.
 July 28—Lyman C. Howe.
 July 29—Mrs. F. O. Hyer.
 July 30—Mrs. H. S. Lake.
 July 31—Hudson Tuttle and Emma R.
 Little.
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 Colville.
 Aug. 2—Hudson and Emma R. Tuttle
 and Willard J. Hull.
 Aug. 3—Conference.
 Aug. 4—Willard J. Hull.
 Aug. 5—Orange Labor Day—Robert
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 Stebbins, Jamestown, N. Y. Gen. R. A. Alger,
 and Hon. M. Broadus, M. C., of Penn-
 sylvania.
 Aug. 6—Mrs. F. O. Hyer.
 Aug. 7—Willard J. Hull.
 Aug. 8—Mrs. C. L. V. Richmond and
 Emma R. Tuttle.
 Aug. 9—Mrs. C. L. V. Richmond.
 Aug. 10—Conference.
 Aug. 11—Hon. Sidney Dean.
 Aug. 12—Temperance Day—ex Gov.
 John A. Logan.
 Aug. 13—Mrs. R. S. Little.
 Aug. 14—Hon. Sidney Dean.
 Aug. 15—Mrs. R. S. Little and W. J.
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 Aug. 16—Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond
 and Hon. Sidney Dean.
 Aug. 17—Conference.
 Aug. 18—Mrs. C. L. V. Richmond.
 Aug. 19—Grand Army Day.
 Aug. 20—Hon. A. B. French.
 Aug. 21—Hon. A. B. French.
 Aug. 22—Mrs. R. S. Little.
 Aug. 23—Jennie B. Hagan-Jackson
 and W. J. Colville.
 Aug. 24—A. B. French, Mrs. R. S. Little.
 Aug. 25—Conference.
 Aug. 26—A. B. French.
 Aug. 27—Woman's Day—Susan B.
 Anthony, Rochester, Rev. Anna Shaw, Wash-
 ington, Mrs. Clara Burwick-Colby, Wash-
 ington, editor *Woman's Tribune*.
 Aug. 28—Jennie B. Hagan-Jackson.
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